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Upheaves the valley, yawns the opposing hill,
 Man and his hand-work sweep triumphant through;
 Time halts, space narrows, prejudice stands still
 And dwindles in the distance; high and new
 Are all our dreams and deeds—yet much remains to do.

Hail to the lofty minds, the truthful tongues,
 Linked in an universal cause, as now,
 Which break no rights, which advocate no wrongs,
 Firm to the loom and faithful to the plough!
 Commerce send out thy multifarious prow
 Laden with goodly things for every land;
 Labor uplift thy sorrow-shaded brow,
 Put forth thy strength of intellect and hand,
 And plenty, peace, and joy, may round thy homes expand.

Hail? mighty Science! Nature's conquering lord!
 Thou star-crowned, steam-winged, fiery-footed power!
 Hail! gentle arts! whose hues and forms afford
 Refined enchantments for the tranquil hour!
 Hail! tolerant teachers of the world, whose dower
 Of spirit-wealth outweighs the monarch's might!
 Blest be your holy mission! may it shower
 Blessings like rain, and bring by human right,
 To all our hearts and hearths, love, liberty, and light!

A PLEA FOR PEACE.

I would call on Americans, by their love of our country, its great ideas, its real grandeur, its hopes, and the memory of its fathers—to come and help save that country from infamy and ruin. I would call on Christians, who believe that Christianity is a truth, to lift up their voice, public and private, against the foulest violation of God's law, this blasphemy of the Holy Spirit of Christ, this worst form of infidelity to man and God. I would call on all men, by the one nature that is in you, by the great human heart beating alike in all your bosoms, to protest manfully against this desecration of the earth, this high treason against both man and God. Teach your rulers that you are Americans, not Slaves; Christians, not heathen; men, not murderers, to kill for hire! You may effect little in this generation, for its head seems crazed and its heart rotten. But there will be a day after to-day. It is for you and me to make it better; a day of peace, when nation shall no longer lift up sword against nation; when all shall indeed be brothers, and all blest. Do this—you shall be worthy to dwell in this beautiful land; Christ will be near you; God work with you—and bless you forever.—*Rev. T. Parker's Sermon,*